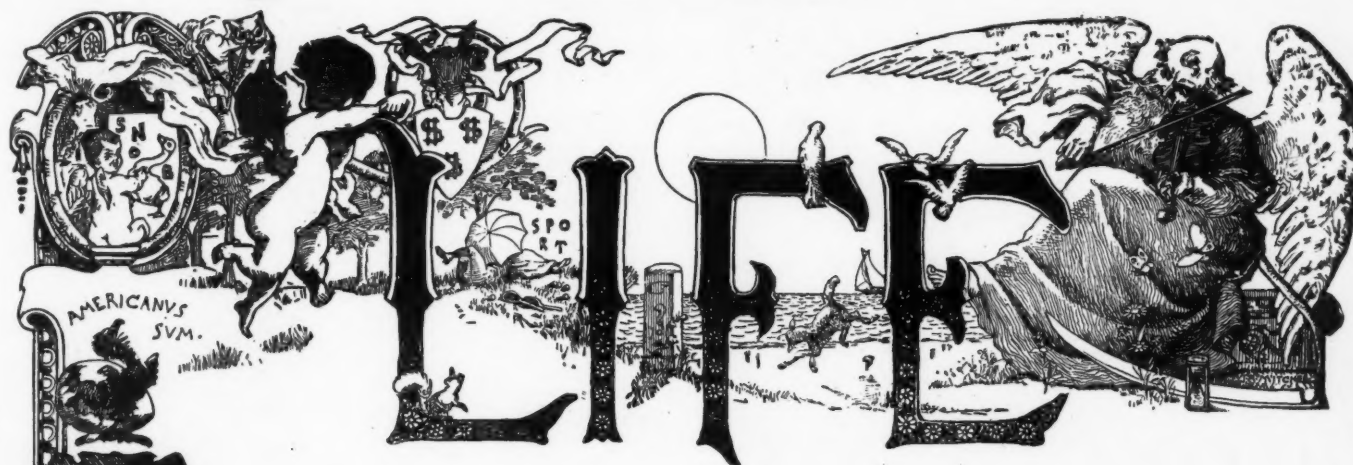


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AFTER THE FUNERAL.

She: YES, THEY WERE SUPERB; BUT THE IDEA OF YOUR GETTING JACQUEMINOTS FOR A FUNERAL!

He: BUT THE DESIGN WAS A GRIDIRON, YOU NOTICED!

· LIFE ·

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Fast Black Cotton $\frac{1}{2}$ Hose, were 25c. pair; } **50c.**
3 pairs for

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A CHARACTER known to the New York police.

"AH, mon ami! Is it that you are well, n'est ce pas? Je suis heureux."

"For Heaven's sake, old fellow, I'm no Frenchman!"

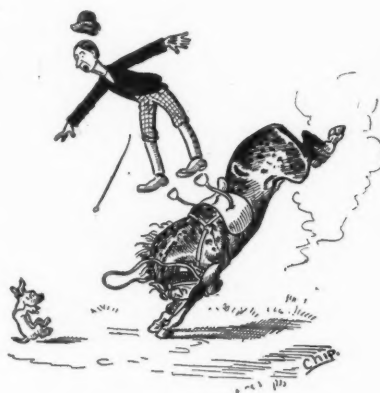
"Pardonnez moi. I've been reading 'Tribby,' and I can't help it, hein!"

CHICAGO MOTHER: Dear me, Augustus, what makes your face so dirty?

HER SON: I've been playing in the snow.



Rider: I AM GOING TO STICK TO YOU THIS TIME, AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT.



Horse: OH, YOU'RE 'WAY OFF.

ALL ON ONE SIDE.

SHE is like Nature: and I love
Her ever-changing, wayward
moods,
As I adore the sky above;
The far, blue hills; the dark, green
woods;
The noisy brook; the tor-
rent's roar;
The glamour of a moon-
light night;
The never-ending ocean's
shore;
The fleecy cloud-heads,
soft and white.



She is like Nature.
Much she cares,
Though I should love
a thousand years!
If I am sad when sun-
light glares,
Will cloudless skies
weep scalding tears?
And will my gladness dry the rain:
Will Nature smile and join my glee?
Will Nature love me back again?
I think not—and no more will She!
Harry Romaine.

FASHION NOTES.



AFTER February fourteenth linen dusters will not be worn on the avenue in cold weather by gentlemen of fashion.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Townsend Burden entertained at dinner on Tuesday last.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A neat bicycling costume for ladies who wish to avoid notice is a tight fitting suit of purple velvet with gold spangles.

Her coronet, wide collar, and the various pins on her waist, all matched, and were composed of immense emeralds surrounded with diamonds. Besides these jewels Mrs. Mortimer's hair was arranged with diamond hair pins, which presented the most brilliant effect.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Tramps without underclothing will continue to feel chilly while the snow lasts.

Mrs. Astor was dressed in black velvet and was fairly covered with jewels. Strings of pearls covered her neck, while a broad band of black velvet, on which were diamond ornaments, was around her throat. On the front of her corsage she wore a most brilliant ornament in the shape of a bowknot of diamonds, from which hung tassels of the same precious stones. In her hair she wore a black velvet bow with a diamond ornament.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Boot buttons, and, in fact, all other buttons, will continue, as heretofore, to come off at critical moments.

The cotillon, which was danced after supper, was a spirited and well-conducted one. Elisha Dyer, Jr., was the leader, his partner being Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Self-respecting ladies should never be seen in a public cab. It is vulgar, as it gives the appearance of not being able to afford a private equipage of one's own.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXV. JANUARY 31, 1895. No. 631.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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LIFE begs to tender the expression of its sincere sympathy to M. Casimir-Perier in his uncomfortable experience of the difficulties and embarrassments of being President of the French Republic. It is a difficult job to be President even in the United States, where the chief executive

is not liable to have his chosen advisers dismissed at any time at the dictate of a popular assembly. Our Presidents, with the best intentions, have found it difficult

to have very much fun while in office. In France, where popular government is still much more of an experiment than with us, the difficulty must be seriously aggravated. It appears to have been altogether too much for M. Casimir-Perier, whom the dispatches represent to be very nearly prostrated by his comparatively brief experience, and to have left office with even more tears than he took it with. All good Americans who like to see republican government prosper wherever it is tried, will hope that M. Faure may prove to be made of tougher materials than his predecessor and have better luck with his task.



MAYOR STRONG seems possessed of a worthy desire to induce all good citizens of New York to share his task of making this city comfortably habitable to the people who live in it. His proclamation calling attention to the illegality of the naughty habit of throwing papers into the street deserves the attentive consideration of everybody, and especially of all people who like to regard themselves as decent-mannered folks. The present population of the earth may be roughly divided into two classes—those who make messes, and those who clean them up. People who drop papers, orange peels, banana skins, and all such abominations in the streets belong to the first class. Some of them are ignorant, unmannerly creatures, who do not appreciate the depravity of their own conduct, but many others are comparative decent people

who ought to know better and to do better, but who, through intellectual density or the fault of their raising, have never come to a realizing sense of their interest in clean streets, or their personal obligations to help make clean streets possible. There is a law in New York the enforcement of which would help to bring such persons to a better appreciation of their duty. If the Mayor will enforce it he will contribute in important measure to the correction of public manners.

One prevalent practice which no city should tolerate is the distribution of handbills on the streets or at the doors of houses. It is surprising that such a practice should be tolerated in any civilized town.



FOR some years past it has been the particularly earnest desire of friends of civilization in the United States that something should be done to mitigate the shortcomings of our government architecture. One of the results that sanguine people hoped would follow the Chicago Fair was that our present mechanical system of building post-offices and federal court-houses would be abandoned,

and that we should have in its place a system whereby competitive plans for all such work might be submitted by competent architects. It will be remembered that a law was passed which seemed to provide for such a substitution, but somehow failed to work. A new bill is now before the House of Representatives from which, if it becomes a law, better results are hoped for. It provides that when Uncle Sam has a building to construct the Secretary of the Treasury should have power to get the best plans for it that the architectural ability of the country can provide. Inasmuch as the bill has the support of the American Institute of Architects, the House Committee on Public Buildings, and the Secretary of the Treasury, it may be trusted to be a practical and satisfactory measure. LIFE earnestly hopes that it may promptly become a law.

SOME time ago in commenting on the refusal of 175 men out of 180 of the crew of the warship Charleston to re-enlist for service under Commander Reeder, LIFE said:

There may be something to be said for Reeder that LIFE hasn't heard, but the impression one gets from the action of the Charleston's crew is that he is a tyrant.

It is proper to say that an officer of the navy now stationed in China has written to LIFE explaining why the crew of the Charleston would not re-enlist, and asserting on what seems entirely credible grounds that the action of the crew was due to certain hardships of the service for which Commander Reeder was in no respect responsible.

JANUARY



FINANCIAL SCHEME

CANT GET IT UP

A
DESERTION.

TWO
DINNERS

HOHENLOHE

STARVING

NEWFOUNDLAND

A STEP-DAUGHTER OF
BRITANNIA.

SUPT. BYRNES
IN HIS WONDERFUL BALANCING
ACT.

REPORT
LEXOW
COMMITTEE

//STRIKE! - THE PUBLIC IN ITS USUAL AGREEABLE
SITUATION =

POLICE CORRUPTION CURE:
D&PLATT'S INFINITESIMAL ROSE-WATER
GLOBULE.



LITTLE WAYOFF.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO HENRIK IBSEN, AUTHOR OF
"LITTLE EVOLF," "A DOLL'S HOUSE," ETC.

SCENE—A summer house overlooking a Norwegian Fjord. ALLMERS and his wife RITA seated within looking out to sea, and earnestly conversing.

ALLMERS: You must realize once for all, Rita, that I am seriously afflicted with the disease of the decade—Ibsenism—and you must conform your life to that new condition.

RITA: Yes, yes—I'll try, dear. What is this awful malady?

ALLMERS: Ibsenism is the yellow jaundice of the soul.

RITA: Horrors! Is there no remedy suggested in all the books of your great library?

ALLMERS (*solemnly*): None. The peculiarity of the disease is that no one who catches it wants to be cured.

RITA: What! Are you content to live the rest of your life seeing things sicklied o'er with a yellow-green light?

ALLMERS: Not only content but glad to do it! The intellect demands this sacrifice of the man who is truly wise.

RITA: But I am naturally of a hopeful disposition. I love sunshine, and joy, and good-fellowship. True, I am temporarily depressed by the drowning of our only son, Little Wayoff, but I think that in time I might begin to smile again if you would only love me as you used.

ALLMERS (*impressively*): Love is the temporary insanity of the emotions! I am sane.

RITA: But once you loved me passionately, and we were very happy.

ALLMERS: Yes, yes—happiness is the final expression of insanity. The truly healthy man is never happy.

RITA (*with resignation*): Well, then, I'll try hard to be miserable enough to be a congenial companion for you. Only tell me the way.

ALLMERS: First of all you must rake through the records of the past for all the diseases, crimes, and terrible weaknesses of your ancestors. When you have discovered them, carefully ponder over them, for by the immutable Laws of

Nature you have inherited them all and carry them around in your beautiful body. They are liable to break out at any time, singly or all together.

RITA (*frightened to death*): Save me, save me dear! Am I truly only a mausoleum for the dead past of my family?

ALLMERS (*sternly*): You are all that and more too. Nature always adds a few frills to inherited weakness and crime on her own account. By the law of the universe you ought to be a little worse than any of your ancestors.

RITA (*in despair*): That settles it! I don't want to live any longer. Throw me in the fjord yonder to help feed the pretty fishes along with Little Wayoff. Oh, my boy, my boy, your mother comes to you! (*Rushes toward the edge of the cliff*).

ALLMERS (*catching her*): Stay! Do you really want to die?

RITA: Yes, believe me, yes! Who could live in such a world as this!

ALLMERS (*with a gleam of pleasure in his eyes*): Come to my arms, my own love! Now, at last, are you my true soul-mate. Under the shadow of this awful gloom we can go through the world together, doing our little best to thicken the sorrow and despair wherever we find it. This is our destiny. Come. (*Embraces her*).

RITA: And after thirty or forty years of this gloom we may be fitted to join our beloved little Wayoff in another world?

ALLMERS: Perhaps, perhaps!

[CURTAIN.]

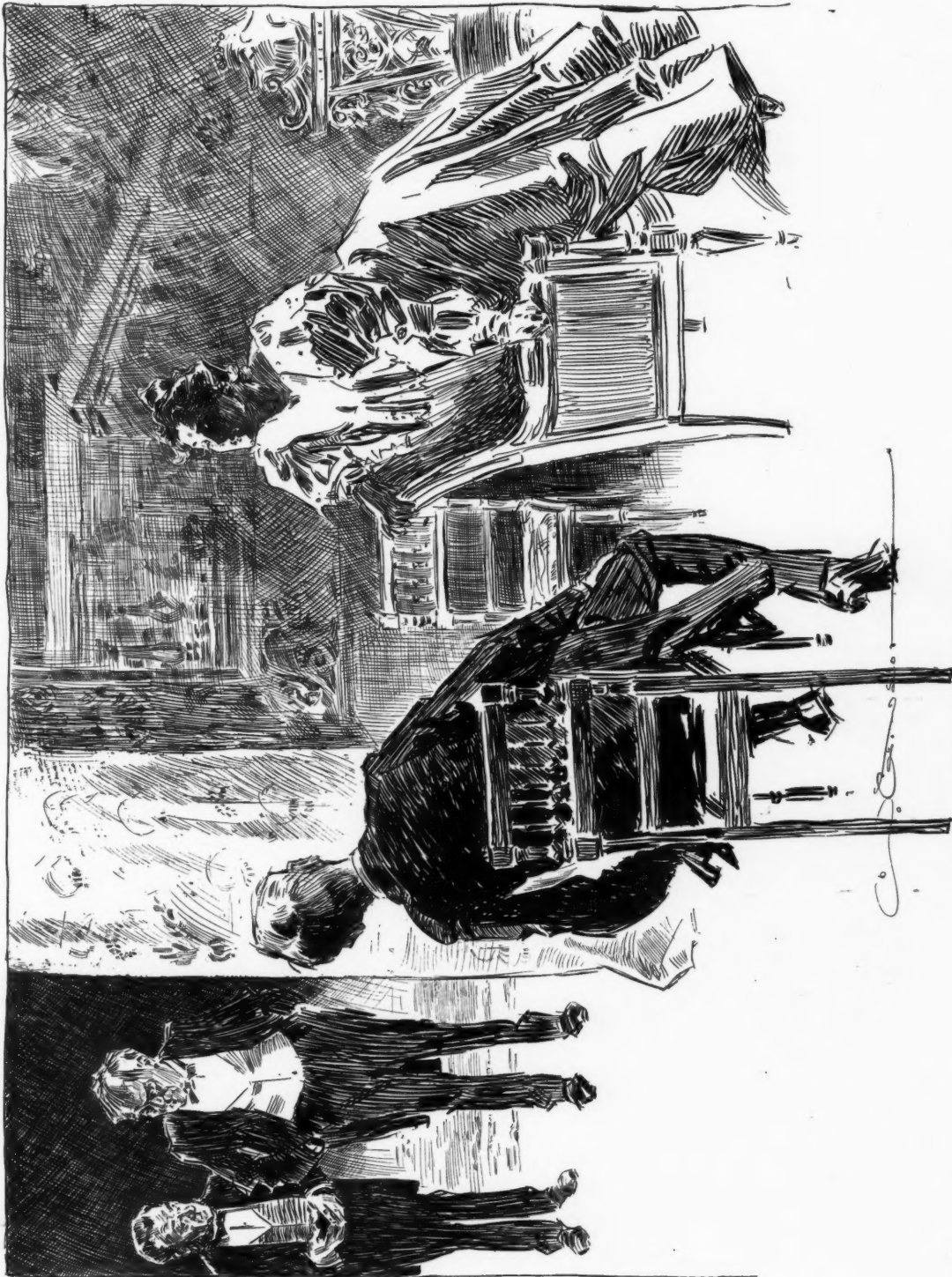
Droch.



PLENTY GOOD ENOUGH.

Maude: WOT ARE YER A SNIFFIN' O' THAT TURKEY FOR WHEN HERE'S WENISON WOT YOU KIN SMELL OF?

Tom: TURKEY'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME. I AIN'T NO VANDERBILK OR ASTORS!

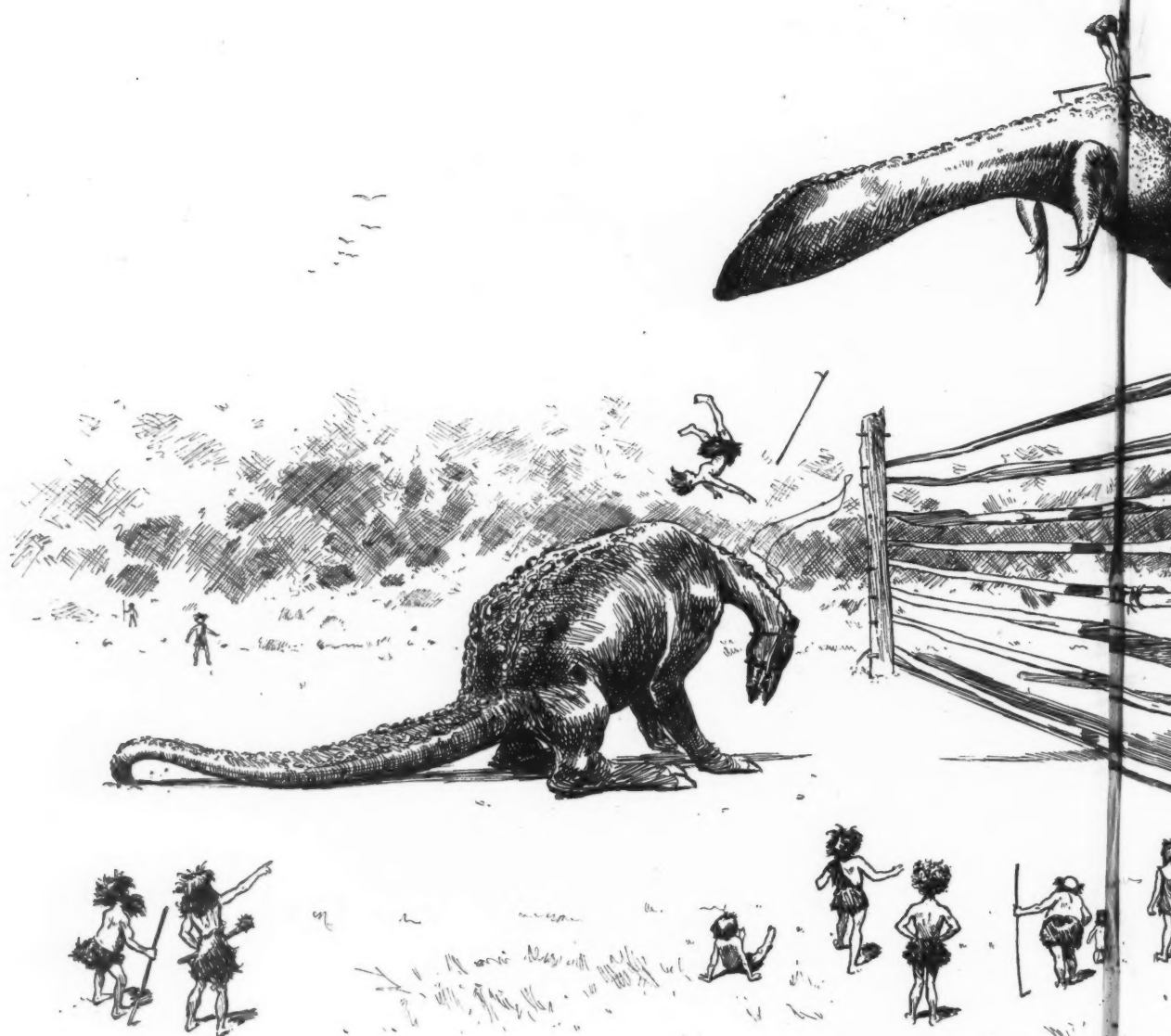


THE DREADED INTERVIEW.

He: I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO HIM.

She: JUST SAY, "MR. NORRIS, I WANT TO MARRY YOUR DAUGHTER," AND THEN PAPA WILL SAY THE REST.

IF



FROM LIFE'S COLLECTION OF RA

HURDLE RAC BEFORE



LECTION OF RARE SPORTING PRINTS.

OLE RACE BEFORE THE FLOOD.



A LESSON FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEYS.

IN New York this season the drama, as she is played, has included everything from Tom Gould to living pictures. The ingenuity of man has been racked severely to find something outside of these limits. To ring in the Lexow Committee as a side-show and the notorious negligence of the New York District Attorney's office as a freak, was the last resort left to human intelligence. Even this has been done in a play named "The District Attorney," and written by Mr. Charles Klein and Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske.

In this case the introduction of an entirely present phase of purely local politics spoils what might otherwise have been a good play. The authors have taken a really great and dramatically a novel motive and treated it narrowly instead of broadly. The corruption in American politics, this corruption as it affects the honest individual who happens to be the holder of an office of great responsibility, is the subject of the play. Certainly in such a topic there should be inspiration to take a writer away from purely local considerations. But the familiar temptation to write a play which should "draw" seems to have had its effect. The serpent in the Garden of Eden never had half the influence over Eve that the theatrical manager has over the so-called American dramatist.

Considered simply as a play "The District Attorney" has many merits. Its diction is good, its character drawing is skillful, and it has several strong situations. Its plot could easily be made more general in its character and be quite as effective. As it is, its authors, for reasons best known to themselves, have preferred to write the piece down to a local sketch rather than make it a play. Doubtless the conditions here presented exist in almost every American community in some form or other, but no American spectator who has never heard of the Lexow Committee and the possibilities of the office now managed (or otherwise) by John R. Fellows could be very deeply interested in the production. To consider it simply as a local sketch and pick flaws in details of make-up and office arrangement is hardly within the range of dramatic criticism.

The production is mounted in a fashion which doubtless appeals to the badly controlled gallery gods of the American Theatre. The presumably Tammany gentleman who has purchased a brand new house as a bridal gift for his daughter has fitted it up in realistic Tammany style. Which is

to remark that nobody on the foot-stool but a Tammany gentleman or the manager of a popular theatre would ever think of just the particular kind of gorgeousness which bedecks this production.

The acting is somewhat lurid but not altogether bad. Mr. Lackaye is an ideal district attorney, which means that he is not real. In this he simply follows the creation of the authors. If we had a few district attorneys of the kind which the play-writers have created and which Mr. Lackaye enacts, we should have crime reduced to a minimum unless more practical lawyers for the defence managed to clear their clients. The authors have made the part too good to be true, and therefore it is not strange that Mr. Lackaye carries little conviction although he does gain the purely dramatic effects. Mr. Mordaunt plays the part of the "boss" simply and with no over-straining. The minor parts are excellently done and throughout the piece is interesting to the New Yorker of to-day, although it is not likely to go above the Harlem river nor become a classic. It does, however, teach an excellent lesson in the morals of politics, and to gentlemen of the new municipal administration should be as instructive as it must be reminiscent to those of the old.

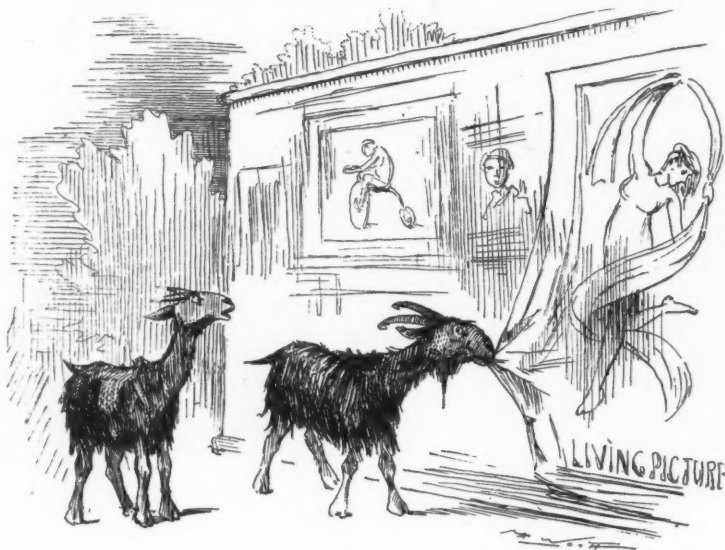
Metcalfe.

MR: What month is it in which it is unlucky to be married?

MRS: Great Scott! what a poor memory you have, my dear. We were married in June.

FIRST CABLE GRIPMAN: Have any luck on your last trip?

SECOND CABLE GRIPMAN: One dog.



Nanny: DROP THAT, BILLY; DROP IT, I TELL YOU; I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET A TASTE FOR THAT SORT O' THING!



"SO YOU LET MR. CLINKER KISS YOU LAST NIGHT!"

"YES. HOW DID YOU KNOW?"

"HE ASKED ME TO-DAY IF I WOULD FORGIVE HIM."

LANGUAGE.

WE often hear young women speak of studies that are "perfectly fascinating." A fascinating study, in the general understanding of the phrase, is, I believe, a study that can be mastered in a period not to exceed ten minutes. Such a study has something to commend it; but certainly no study can be pleasant to pursue in which the ambitious student is frequently brought to a pause by the introduction of matters with which he is not conversant.

It is the unknown which makes the acquirement of language difficult and disagreeable. How unpleasant when one is reading a sentence of Latin, Greek, German or French, to have to look up the subject, verb, adverb and object in a dictionary before one can intelligently decide whether to perceive the author's keen reasoning or to burst into tears.

Happily after some years spent in fumbling dictionaries, I have been able to see how the unknown words of certain languages may be learned not singly but in classes, and I will convey the delightful secret at once.

In Latin all verbs which one does not know the meaning of, will invariably be found, upon referring to the dictionary, to signify:

To act, to do, to strive, to oppose, to endeavor,
to think, to cogitate, to forget, to be about a thing,
to give anything to anyone, to laugh in one's sleeve.

An unknown Latin noun always signifies in the same way:

A seat in the Capitol, a wave, a kind of garments,
a weapon made of iron, a farmer of the taxes.

In English the unknown verbs mean:

To separate, to prepare with fuller's earth, to treat
by destructive distillation, to distraint, as for rent
(Law.)

While English nouns, if unknown, will be found to mean:

A kind of boat, a kind of sea-fish peculiar to
bodies of salt water, a term used in navigation, one of
the members of a sect that believed something that
somebody had made up. Obs.

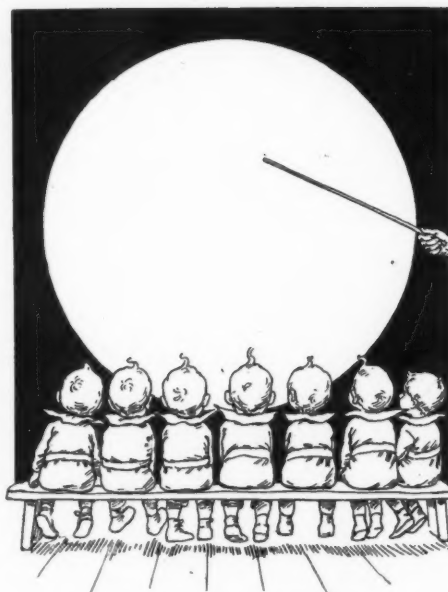
All unknown Greek nouns mean:

A heavy-armed soldier, war, a bird, a kind of dish,
a kind of cakes made of barley.

The learned philologist will find upon consulting his Mason and Slidell Lexicon that the Greeks had a thousand names for their cake made of barley. It was a very bad cake, and the wily Greeks used to change the name of it often to see if it wouldn't taste better.

We now come to the French, which is a language of much interest. It is in this language that French novels are written. It is a tongue of much simplicity, for it contains only about three hundred words which have any particular signification. These words are bread, cheese, glass of wine, all of a whack, my God, say, make, go myself, etc. All other words when used in literature signify only that the writer is a literary man, and that he is indulging in writing of unexampled sweetness and beauty. These latter words are *bleuatre*, *feuillage*, *sablonneux*, *clair de lune*, *l'avenir*, *souffles de vent*, *mugissant*, *lourde* and *de loin en loin*. When you come to *mugissant* and *de loin en loin* you may be sure that you are at the Little Nell part of the book.

Of German I cannot speak. It is one of the native languages of this country, but I do not understand it. I imagine, however, that most of the words mean Black Forest, beer, Schopenhauer, pretzels, non-ego and already-yet. Probably by the genius of their language the Germans have been able to construct a nice comfortable word that



Teacher: WE WILL NOW LOOK AT THE PICTURE OF
A VERY WONDERFUL ANIMAL, THE—



ICHTHYOMULLICUSTORPEDICUSSHRIMPICUS.

includes all of these. They make many of their words in a rope-walk. Whether German is an actual language or a linsey-woolsey, like that in "All's Well," invented to impose upon the unfortunate, I do not know.

There is one word—it is in the Greek—which is an exception to the simplicity of my system. It is the word *obolos*. It means a sum of money about equal to our denarius. But it may also signify a foot or a bushel or a yard or a cord. Obol is an elusive word. It is nothing for it to mean three or four dollars or an acre of ground. Frequently, too, it means an obol and a half. In the space at my command I could not give the student a just conception of an obol unless I knew what it is myself.

Williston Fish.

THE LINKS OF CHANCE.

HERE is a little French proverb which runs somewhat in this way:

A man and woman met on a street in the world. The passers-by who saw their meeting went on brightened, feeling that hazard had been kind to these two. But the man and woman walked on together in silence. Each was thinking of the many things they were to say, for they had not met before in years.

"I have always thought that we would meet again," he said at last, "and I have wondered how and when."

"I have thought about it, too," she answered, "but we must not stop to talk of that. There are so many things to say. We will not be like everyone else, and speak of trivial things, and then feel sorry when it is too late. Let us each think of the most important thing we have to tell. The thing we wanted to tell oftenest."

"Yes," the man said, but while they thought they talked lightly, for as they looked back upon the years there seemed to have been nothing of importance in them. Yet it irked them to be talking lightly. Passers by who saw them gave them not another glance; they were like everyone else.

At last the woman paused. "This is the place where we must say good-bye," she said.

"So soon?" he begged. "We haven't told each other the important things."

"When we are apart," she answered sadly, "we will think of them."

"And we will remember them," he declared, "and have them ready when we meet again."

But they did not meet again.

They said good-bye, and after they were parted they looked back, for all at once they knew that the most important thing had been their meeting, and they knew why all things else had been too trivial to talk about. They planned to tell each



PROOF POSITIVE.

"THAT'S THE GIRL."

"BUT WHY DO YOU THINK THEY ARE ENGAGED?"

"BECAUSE HE HAS STOPPED TAKING HER TO THE THEATRE AND GOES TO CHURCH INSTEAD."

other so when they should meet. And they were almost happy.

All their lives they planned to tell each other so, for the proverb runs: "Where hazard fastens it the ivy dies."

LIVING EVIDENCE.

WIFE: The cook says she never was with a family that lived any better than we do.

HUSBAND: Yes. The policeman on the corner has gained twenty pounds since she came.

AND YET IT IS A MONOLOGUE.

"I'VE just written a monologue."

"What is the character it is written for?—a man or a woman?"

"This monologue is written for *two* characters—a man and his wife."



PROFESSOR BLANK, although a very dignified and courtly gentleman, has fits of absentmindedness amounting almost to mental aberration. This tailing has placed him in many embarrassing positions. It seemed to the professor and his family that the climax had been reached one evening when the professor, after filling his bath-tub for a bath, plunged in with all of his clothes on! But a deeper, because public, mortification soon followed this alarming mental lapse. The Professor sometimes speaks in public, and a few days after the bathroom episode he was asked to be one of three or four speakers at a public meeting. His brief address was received with great applause, which to the Professor's surprise and chagrin, was followed by broad grins, and even unrepented tittering on the part of many in the audience. No sooner was the Professor out of the house after the meeting than he turned to his wife and asked: "My dear, what was the occasion of all that smiling and actual giggling after the generous applause that followed my address?"

"Don't you know?" asked his wife, a little sharply. "I never felt so mortified in my life. Why don't you keep your wits about you when you are in public? It was dreadful!"

"Why, Helen, what did I do?"

"Do? You sat up there on that platform before all that great audience and applauded your own speech! That's what you did!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

MR. JAMES HYDE, once a lawyer in a small town on Long Island, tells a story about himself. He says:

"It was when I used to practice law in a little town near the center of the State. A farmer had one of his neighbors arrested for stealing ducks and I was employed by the accused to endeavor to convince the court that such was not the case. The plaintiff was positive that his neighbor was guilty because he had seen the ducks in the defendant's yard."

"How do you know they were your ducks?" I asked.

"Oh, I should know my own ducks anywhere!" replied the farmer; and he gave a description of their various peculiarities whereby he could readily distinguish them from others.

"Why," said I, "those ducks can't be of such rare breed! I have seen some just like them in my own yard."

"That's not at all unlikely," replied the farmer, "for they are not the only ducks I have had stolen lately."—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

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The Tickets permit the holders to prolong their stay in Florida, if desired, and to return North with any one of Five Parties under Special Escort, or on any Regular Train until May 31.

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At a recent gathering of notable men, the after-dinner chat turned upon personal experiences, and a distinguished jurist related this:

After graduation, he migrated to a Western town; months of idleness, with no prospect of improvement, induced him to seek a new home. Without money to pay his fare, he boarded a train for Nashville, intending to seek employment as reporter on one of the daily newspapers. When the conductor called for his ticket he said:

"I am on the staff of the —, of Nashville; I suppose you will pass me?"

The conductor looked at him sharply.

"The editor of that paper is in the smoker, come with me; if he identifies you, all right."

He followed the conductor into the smoker; the situation was explained; Mr. Editor said:

"Oh, yes, I recognize him as one of the staff; it is all right."

Before leaving the train, the lawyer again sought the editor:

"Why did you say you recognized me? I'm not on your paper."

"I am not the editor, either. I'm traveling on his pass, and was scared to death lest you should give me away."—*Fashions.*

INDIGNANT CUSTOMER: Say, look at this sheet of fly-paper you sold me the other day!

GROCER: I'm looking at it. I see it's covered with flies. That's what you got it for, wasn't it?

"You charged me 4 cents for it, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And I got two of 'em?"

"Very likely."

"The other one is exactly like this one."

"Well, what are you kicking about?"

"You see this is covered all over, don't you?"

"I see it is."

"There isn't room on it for another blamed fly?"

"I suppose not."

"Well, when I tried to pull 'em off so I could set it again they wouldn't come off. The other one's the same way. The game, I reckon, is to make a fellow keep on buying 'em. I'm not going to do it, and I think it's a darned swindle, and you can take your own fly-paper back again, and I'll never buy another cent's worth of goods at this store, so help me Nebuchadnezzar!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

YOUNG LADY: What is the price of that bicycle costume?

DEALER: That is not a bicycle costume, miss; it's a suit of sanitary underwear. —*New York Weekly.*

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THE steamer S—, commanded by Captain S—, exploded several years since on one of our Southern rivers, with terrible effect, and burned to the water's edge. Captain S— was blown into the air, alighting near a floating bale of cotton, upon which he floated uninjured, but much blackened and muddled. Arrived at a village several miles below, to which the news of the disaster had preceded him, he was accosted by the editor of the village paper, with whom he was well acquainted, and eager for an item.

"I say, boy! is the S— blown up?"

"Yes."

"Was Captain S— killed?"

"No; I am Captain S—."

"The thunder you are! How high was you blown?"

"High enough to think of every mean thing I ever did in my life before I came down."

The editor started on a run for his office, the paper about going to press, and not wishing to omit the item of intelligence for the next issue, two weeks off, wrote as follows:

"The steamer S— has burst her boiler. We learn from Captain S—, who says he was blown up long enough to think of every mean thing he ever did in his life before he lit. We suppose he was up about three months."—*Ex.*

SOME years ago the commanding officer of a military station, desiring the grass around the quarters to be protected while it was growing, gave strict orders to the sentries that no one except the cow should be allowed to step over it.

The next day the general's wife called upon some ladies, and wishing to make a short cut, walked across the grass from one path to another.

"No one to pass here, madam," said the sentry.

The lady drew herself up.

"Do you know who I am?" she demanded of the sentry.

"No, madam," replied the impassive soldier, "I do not know who you are; but I know that you are not the general's cow, and nobody else is permitted to walk on this grass."—*Harper's Young People.*

A CARDINAL who commanded the troops of Pope Boniface IX. in the march of Lacona, finding himself in a position in which he must conquer or die, promised the soldiers that if they secured the victory those who fell should dine that very day with the angels. They marched to the combat with alacrity; but finding that the cardinal was careful not to expose himself, "How is it," said one of them, "that you show no anxiety for the celestial banquet to which you have invited us so warmly?"

"Because it is not yet my dinner-time, and I am not hungry."—*All the Year Round.*



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